

14/15
MELPOMENE:

A
P O E M

To the MEMORY of
M^R. JOSEPH FOORD, V. D. P.

By **M^R. MITCHEL. S. T. S.**

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

H O R. Lib. I. Ode 24.



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T H E P R E A C E.



Y Country-Men, who are so generous as to pardon me for writing and publishing a Poem sacred to the MEMORY of Mr. FOORD, will not readily condemn the fashionable Liberty I use in affixing a Preface to it.

I need only address those meaner Spirits, in an Apology, who, if they bore not a secret Grudge at the Character and Fame of that ingenious *English* Gentleman, very much disprove my Disposition and Conduct in endeavouring to perpetuate his Name, whilst I pay the last Tribute of Respect to my departed Friend,

Tho' there is no Set of Men more liable to Censure, yet none are more universally indulg'd with

a Licence to appear in Publick, than Poetick Authors. As they have many Occasions and Motives to write, so they never want abundance of Pleas for publishing their Composures. Some print at the Request of their Friends, others to vindicate, or do Justice to themselves and their Benefactors: Some for sake of good Company, and for Diversion: And others, acting from a noble Principle, spread their Labours to reform an impolite and corrupt Age, by working on the Passions, quickning the Spirits, and raising agreeable Pictures in the Imaginations of Men. For my Part, as I never wanted an Excuse for writing or publishing the Sentiments of my Muse; so I can say, with a great deal of Integrity, that this particular Performance had never been devis'd, if Gratitude and Friendship had not pointed out my Theme: Nor had it been publish'd, if sufficient Judges, (who have done me the Honour to peruse and approve it) had not solicited me to expose it, and assured me, that, beside the Proof it bears of my Respect for Mr. F O O R D, it might be useful to every intelligent Reader, who lives with reference to his latter End, and maintains a just Concern about his State in a future World.

But in spite of all the Excuses I can plead, the Reader will find fault, if he has a mind to Censure. I have the Pleasure however to think, that the honourable and worthy Persons, of whatever Degree and Station, who, conscious of Mr. F O O R D's Merits, express'd a generous Concern

The PREFACE.

v.

cern for him whilst he liv'd, will also defend this Poem to his MEMORY, tho' I could not prevail with my self to make a formal Dedication of it to any one of them. They may easily discern that the Character I have drawn of him, tho' incompleat, is Just and Exemplary: And that the Theme is, tho' the Strains should not be worthy their Patronage. I have only to add, with Respect to the Versification, that, altho' Nature was more attended to than Art in the Composure, if the Lines can't stand the Trial of good and impartial Criticks, I beg no Body to open in favour of the Poem.

I presume it may not be impertinent, on this Occasion, to tell the narrow Souls of my Profession, who have frequently express'd their Dissatisfaction with my Practice in Poetry, and grumbled at the small Reputation I have got on the Account of some late Performances, that this is likely to be the last time they and the World shall be troubled with my Muse. Yet 'tis not to oblige them, or because I dread their Indignation, or repent of my Labours, that I bid her Farewell: But because I have furnish'd my self enough with the Aid she can afford, and which I always judg'd one good Mean to fit a young Man for the sacred Office of the Ministry. It was with this View I have been at some Pains to study the Nature and Art of Poetry, when I had Leisure to unbend my Mind from more severe Enquiries: And after practising it for some Years, as I found Occasion,

I

I find no Reluctance in my Mind to recommend it to all my Brethren, who are, or shall be Candidates for Holy Orders. I shou'd not have ventur'd to use this Freedom, if I had ever heard, or read the same Sentiments directly deliver'd by any of our Clergy: And I must own, I have often wonder'd, that, amongst all the Directories and Helps offer'd to prepare and qualify a Person for preaching well, Poetry is so much forgot; I had almost said ridicul'd and contemn'd. But as I am conscious of the Good and Advantage of studying Poetry, so whatever Construction our very zealous, and less polite People put upon me, I am not ashamed nor afraid to declare it is my Sentiment, that the Study of it is no less useful to Theologues than the reading of many Systems of Divinity; and that as the Use of Religion in Poetry is necessary to raise it to the greatest Exaltation of which so noble an Art is capable, so Poetry is requisite to Religion in order to its making more forcible Impressions on the Minds of Men.

If other People have form'd Ideas of Poetry different from those which I conceive, or take it in a Sense different from mine, we will not readily be much divided in our Opinions. 'Tis very probable, I would not approve, far less recommend the Study and Practice of Poetry to any Man, in the Sense that too many foolishly consider it. I have often had Occasion to converse with People, particularly with some of my
own

The P R E F A C E.

vi.

own Profession, who have in my Company run down, and declared against it, with a great deal of Heat; but when I observ'd they were railing against some Creature of their own Fancy, and not at that which I call Poetry; I found it expedient either to join them, or be altogether unconcern'd and silent.

That I may conclude this Preface (which I own is intollerably tedious to the Reader, tho' requisite to be made by one in my Circumstances and State.) I beg leave only to add, that I know nothing more fit, while Blood and Spirits, Imagination and Passion, make up a Part of our Natures, than Poetry rightly understood and manag'd, to improve our Souls, as a powerful Charm to draw us from Vice, and engage us on the Side of Religion and Virtue. Happy are they who are above the Means of this and other useful Arts: Who being all Intelligence, stript of Flesh and Blood, have arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints enjoy, where a bare Abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Ideas serve their Turn.

N. B. Page 3, last line, *after was, add lent?* p. 9, l. 14, *for which read*
will, p. 16, l. 8, *for Burnt read brunt.*





A

P E O M.

To the MEMORY of

Mr. JOSEPH FOORD, *V. D. P.*

THE Muse that lately sung, in mournful Strains,
 A Brother's Death, the Cause of doleful Pains!
 New plung'd in Sorrow, and depriv'd of Peace,
 In Funeral Verse, laments a Friend's Decease.
 Aid me, thou Spirit that inspir'd him, well
 His Character, and our Distress to tell:
 So Just, so lively draw each Thought and Line,
 That all may own the Labour is Divine,
 And mix their Streams of sacred Tears with mine.

A

1

I wonder not that FOORD did die so young,
 But more admire how he hath liv'd so long.
 Nor can I justly grudge that he is gone
 To better Worlds, and left us here to Groan.
 But such our Weakness, such our Frailty is,
 What touches Nature sore we take amiss.
 We find a strange Uneasiness to part
 With those who once had Interest in our Heart.
 By Simpathy we suffer in their Wounds :
 Their Absence grieves us, and their Death confounds,
 The more our Friends were useful once and kind,
 The greater Sorrow seizes on our Mind.
 This Tenderness hath bounteous Nature sown
 In every Breast, but largely in mine own.

Poor wretched Man ! with Woes successive worn,
 By Cares consum'd, by struggling Passions torn,
 How soon thy Will, to Fancy yields the Throne,
 And Hope and Fears, bring thy weak Reason down ?

The World's a Scene where all our Joys are Dreams,
 Where ev'ry Pleasure mix'd with Sorrow seems ;

Short

Short liv'd our Hopes, but solid are our Pains;
 Our Freedom fickle, but severe our Chains.
 We walk as in a Labyrinth to find
 Unbroken Calmness and Content of Mind:
 But fresh Afflictions rise in ev'ry Path;
 And our whole Life is th' Avenue of Death,

Such is the State of humane Kind on Earth,
 Sorrow salutes us at our early Birth.
 Embark'd in Trouble, Labour, Care and Strife,
 Our Death commences at the Dawn of Life.
 As soon as born, we hasten to the Tomb,
 Few are our Days, and certain is our Doom.
 The Flame of Life doth, as a lambent Fire,
 Blaze bright, but ere discover'd well, expire.
 And yet alas! we live as if we were
 Eternally to have Existence here.

Yet say, ye Sages, (who, if any, can
 Explain Heav'n's Way of managing to Man)
 Say, Why are Gifts for Moments only sent?
 To Morrow taken, what to Day was?

Why are we doom'd for Ages to deplore
 What we admir'd so short a while before?
 Tell me, why Beauties that all Nature cheer
 Just in their bloom, ere ripned, disappear?
 Whether more grateful shall we be for Lives,
 Or angry at the Hand that us of all deprives?

Be hush my Muse, and rev'rendly attend
 The Providence thou can'st not comprehend.
 Dark and perplex'd are Heav'ns bewildring Ways;
 In vain weak we wou'd trace their mystick Maze.
 Better than G o d can we direct Affairs,
 His Balance hold, and mend the mighty Spheres?
 Can we, like him, explore the hidden Deep,
 Where Treasures ly, and scaly Nations Creep?
 Can we in Whirlwinds ride along the Skys,
 And, wrapt in Clouds, elude Man's wondring Eyes?

He whose vast Knowledge only grasps the Ball,
 With Skill, can clear his Dispensations all.
 Rash Mortals must not tax the Sovereign King,
 Nor seek for Reasons from its mighty Spring.

Soon,

Soon, very soon, it wou'd o'recharge our Sense
To glance the Cause, and Chain of pow'rful Providence.

Yet tho', with Patience, we must bear our Cross,
In vain we Labour not to mourn our Loss.
Do not then, Mortals of a harder Frame,
My present Sorrows and Affliction blame.
FOORD was my Friend, a Brother of my Choice,
Greiv'd at my Pains, and Happy in my Joys.
Our Love with our first Interviews began,
And rose, as Youth did ripen into Man.
Our Studies help'd to make th' Alliance sure,
Which equal Tempers claim'd by Right before.

Can I forget the gay, the pleasant Days,
When, wandering, we thro' Nature us'd to gaze ?
When, Hand in Hand, we wander'd unconfin'd,
And bent our Thoughts to cultivate our Mind ?
Beneath the Pale-fac'd Moon we often walk'd,
And as we freely thought, we freely talk'd.
Our boundless Souls from Theme to Theme would rove,
Explore the Skys, and tread the Realms above :

With Light interior penetrate the Clouds,
And search the Depths which Nature wisely Shrowds.

With what Delight, by Reasons Influence,
We took our Flight beyond material Sense ?
I never can, without tormenting Pain,
Call back th' Ideas, to my Mind again :
Think how to Heights of Virtue we wou'd rise,
And view Religion freed from all Disguise :
As from a Bay, look down on humane Kind
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :
When others Ship-wreck, kept us on the Shore,
And shew'd us Dangers unobserv'd before.
'Twas then, my Soul, thou learn'dst the sacred Laws
Of Nature ; and explor'd their hidden Cause :
Survey'd the Author of this mighty Ball,
The great Creator and Original :
Distinguish'd Fate from ruling Providence,
Error from Truth, and Ignorance from Sense.

With want of Learning, some reproach'd his Name,
Who inly murmur'd at his rising Fame.

Oft

Oft I have wish'd on the other Side,
 My Genius were as eminently wide:
 And oft Remorse has seiz'd my Mind that I
 Have studied Letters and Philosophy,
 At our learn'd Seat, with far less Industry.

What Art he wanted, Nature did compleat;
 And seem'd to lay her 'Treasure at his Feet.
 Ne'er did I know, and I despair to find
 A more obliging, open, generous Mind:
 Like the great Paterns of Religion, free,
 Civil, Ingenuous, full of Charity,
 Eager to learn, of Favours mindful long,
 With Patience bearing, but ne'er off'ring Wrong.

Most People blindly to a Sect adhere,
 And hold what first by them received were:
 Without impartial searching after Truth,
 Their Age maintains what they obey'd in Youth.
 They, as obsequious Papists at the Heart,
 From their own Church and Clergy fear to start.
 By Education mis'rably misled,
 So they believe, because they were so bred.

Or

Or right, or wrong, resolv'd they are to own
 The Principles their Fathers handed down,
 And still so Wise, infallibly they are,
 That to each Notion of their own they'll swear,
 Damning all those that differ from their Way,
 Yet perhaps have a juster Light than they.
 Not so my F O O R D, who, zealous for the Right,
 Judg'd for himself, and took an early Flight.
 No Promises, no Motives could controul
 The Liberty and Freedom of his Soul.
 Than hurt his Conscience, he would hazard all,
 Content with any Lot that shou'd befall.
 He scorn'd that Childhood shou'd impose on Man,
 And Judgement should go on, as Ignorance began.

Yet rather than add Fewel to the Flame,
 By joining Parties — our eternal Shame!
 He chus'd a poor, tho' not inglorious Life
 Expos'd to Envy, tho' secure from Strife.
 He judg'd the safest Course when Billows roar,
 T'enjoy himself upon the fixed Shoar.

Tho'

Tho' well, by being unbyass'd, he knew
 Both Sides less Pity and Regard wou'd shew.
 Safety in hot Extreame is never known:
 He Rev'rence pay'd to both, but wou'd be led by none

Ungenerous Minds a secret Art improve
 To blast the Fame that soars serene above.
 There is a Lust in Man to take Offence
 When none is giv'n, and spread, with Diligence,
 Whether they think may lessen the Renown,
 And sink the Credit of their Neighbour down,
 On Eagles Wings our Party Scandals fly,
 While real Merit languishing doth lye.
 Unless we say, and act as others do,
 Malicious Tongues which stob our Virtue thro',
 Or publicly our Foes declare their Spleen,
 Or murder us behind fair Friendship's sacred Screen,

O Charity! Thou modest, easy Guest,
 That form'st a Heav'n within a humane Breast,
 Not soon provok'd, but ready to forgive,
 Patient to suffer, willing to believe,

Exert

Exert thy Pow'r and Influence again,
 And bind distracted Mortals in thy Chain :
 The Heav'nly Love and Peace to Earth restore
 That once obtain'd in golden Times before,
 E're Error, Faction, and Mischief began
 To taint the Christian Name, and break the Quiet of Man.

Thrice happy they, who Prejudice surmount,
 And, than offend, endure the fiery Burnt
 Of those, who by their Politicks, transgress
 The Rules of Charity, and Law of Peace.
 Grant, righteous Heav'n, that I may still be free
 From Prejudice, from Pride, and Jealousy,
 Ne'er forc'd for Want of Wealth, to flatter Fools,
 Or worship Knaves, and part with Virtue's Rules.
 Thus still maintaining an impartial Mind,
 To all Men charitable, just, and kind,
 In lowly Circumstances, yet content,
 My Friend, his few, but useful Minutes spent,

Tell me, ye Sages, what true Wisdom is,
 If not the same, or very much like this?

To be in ev'ry State of Life serene,
 Without all cheerful, and compos'd within;
 By Reason's Law govern the furious Will,
 Controul the Passions, and be constant still.
 Such was young *Foord*, in the most adverse State,
 Calm and unruffled, generous and great.
 Bravely he bore against the swelling Tides,
 And trusted Heav'n, that for its own provides.
 Grateful for the Allowance that he had,
 His steady Soul in Poverty was glad.
 Want taught him Prudence, as it quick'ned Wit,
 And turn'd Affliction to a Benefit:
 At once it try'd, and strengthened Patience well,
 Mended his Life, and made his Mind excell.

Poor, blinded Men, by dang'rous Passions led,
 Adore the Idol, their own Fancy's made;
 With Toil and Care, they purchase an Estate,
 And seeking Freedom, servile Chains create.
 Beneath the Bait, some latent Mischiefs lye,
 And what they court, proves gilded Misery.

Not

Nor Fields, nor Flocks encrease the hoarded Store,
If Riches make them wish, and work for more.

“ Give me, O Pow’r ! (Who, with paternal Care,
“ Makes humble Souls thy chosen Comfort’s Share ;)
“ Virtue, like that, by which my F O O R D inspir’d,
“ In the worst State, a real Fame acquir’d :
“ I’ll never envy them whose Riches flow,
“ Nor shall a Wrinkle brood upon my Brow.

When shall I see a Youth like him display
Such Wit, such Humour innocently gay :
In all Conditions hearty, and sincere,
Pow’rful in Preaching, and intense in Prayer :
Graceful without, and Orthodox within,
A good Companion, and a sound Divine !
All *Autumn*’s Ripeness, in his Spring was found,
And blooming Youth, with hoary Wisdom, crown’d,
He show’d Religion does not damp the Mind,
And make its Vot’rys wretch’d and unrefin’d :
That Clergy too, fine Gentlemen may be,
And Grace, with Breeding, cannot disagree.

He had the pow'rful Art, with native Ease,
 To rouse the Mind, to entertain, to please.
 Who was not charm'd in Company with him,
 Who sat impatient, weary of his Time,
 Was proudly Wise, or miserably Dull,
 A very Coxcomb, or ne'er had a Soul.

Yet when he found Occasion to be grave,
 Talk'd of Religion, and a Soul to save,
 How have I hear'd with Pleasure and Surprise,
 And seen his Heart expos'd without Disguise?
 Sweet was his Accent, and his Action free,
 Earnest his Looks, but grac'd with Sanctity:
 His Fancy quick, but solid was his Sense,
 Adorn'd with all the Charms of innate Eloquence.

Unhappy ye, his Hearers once, can tell
 How he behav'd where God delights to dwell.
 How were ye ravish'd when ye heard him preach,
 Thunder forth Law, and milder Gospel teach?
 Tho' harsh the Precept, with peculiar Skill,
 He wrought your Minds into Compliance still:

Yet

Yet none more sensibly affected were
With his Discourses, than their Minister.

Tho' Crowds attended wheresoe'er he preach'd,
Conceit and Pride his Bosom never reach'd :
One Man's Esteem he reckon'd greater Praise
Than Multitudes, that scarce do more than gaze.
'Tis good to have the Vulgar on our Side,
Tho' dang'rous in their Humours to confide;
They make and unmake Characters at Will :
Like noisy Winds, they veer at random still.
He's wise who does not blind Obedience pay
To those, who govern all in their *Pindarick* Way.

True he was popular; but not by Art;
Nature had form'd him to persuade the Heart.
Polite his Method, and his Language were,
Yet easy, and adapted to the Ear.
He ne'er with Trifles did our Time beguile,
No long forc'd Periods spoil'd his Pulpit Stile.
But solid Matter likely to do good,
Was his Delight, and our spiritual Food.

Some airy Youths, rais'd to a Pulpit Throne,
 Think if they flourish well, 'tis nobly done:
 Affecting to discover mighty Store
 Of Wit and Learning, are at Bottom poor.
 Their Study is to gain upon the Ear,
 And make their Sermons elegant appear,
 While better Judges of true Language know
 Their Stile is Bombast, or profoundly low.

Others in rude Simplicity delight,
 And prattle what they took no Pains to write:
 More than to God's, to their own Spirit trust:
 Instruct us not so much as they disgust:
 They think if they have read some Systems o'er,
 Their Heads, with Branches down to Tenthly, Store;
 The Work is done, they're for the Pulpit fit,
 And, when they're fix'd, we see what comes of it.

All such Extremes my F O O R D, with Caution, shun'd.
 We neither loath'd, nor starved at his Fund.
 The Sacred Scriptures the best Treasure are:
 By studying them, with a peculiar Care,

More

More than dull Systems, he was furnish'd well,
 Learn'd God's Mind best, and fail'd not to excell.
 No senseless Notions floated in his Brain :
 He brought to Publick nothing false, or vain.
 T'inform the Judgment, and the Practice guide,
 Was all he had, if he had any Pride.
 Thus many in the Gospel Net he caught,
 Tho short his Life, he labour'd not for nought.

We thought when we beheld his goodly Frame,
 He wou'd live long, and gain a higher Name ;
 But Blessings seldom are sincere below,
 Or very soon, e're well enjoy'd, they flow.
 Charming they seem, but will not with us dwell,
 Like Gleams of Heat, they future Storms foretell.

Poor Man! How short, how transient are thy Days?
 As a swift, glaring Meteor they blaze.
 So low, and so uncertain is our State,
 Tenants at Will we are to ruling Fate.
 It only lends the Life it seems to give,
 And makes our Time, like Vapours, fugitive.

Soon at an End is all our boasted Pride;
 What flows high now, will very soon subside.
 Silver and Gold can not the Minutes stay,
 Nor bribe the poor Possession of a Day.
 This Moment alters what was done the last,
 And none can call again the Season past.

Ye fam'd Physicians, what avails your Strife,
 At Death's approach, to keep the destin'd Life?
 When scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within
 The Body lyes, as Death's Alarms begin;
 When all the Moisture that maintain'd before
 Consuming Nature, Fevers do devour;
 Your healing Hands are all employ'd in vain,
 To quell the Tyrrant, and to soften Pain.

Thou hast, O Death, a strange despotick Pow'r;
 Thou ne'er attack'lt but art a Conquerour.
 Before thy gostly, venerable Throne,
 The proudest Monarchs lay their Glories down.
 To Thee, the Victor all his Lawrel yields,
 The Pomp of War, and Splendour of the Fields.

To Thee, th' ambitious Man profoundly low,
 Is glad before thy awful Face to bow.
 To Thee, the Miser quits his earthly Store,
 And crys for Riches quite forgot before.
 The Young, the Old, the Master and the Slave,
 Th' inglorious Coward, and the mighty Brave,
 The learn'd and dull, the noble and the base,
 Tremble alike before thy hoary Face.
 One destin'd Period waits on mortal Man :
 Distinctions cease when Life has spent its Span.

Alas ! what value all our Actions have
 Unless their Virtues reach beyond the Grave ?
 How wretch'd are those that die before they live,
 And never minded Time is Fugitive.
 What Profit Beauty, Honour, and a Name,
 Since Death can, in a Moment, blast the same ?

Happy's the Man, who thro' the Sea of Night
 Finds a safe Passage to eternal Light.
 Altho' the Tide a dismal Horror spreads,
 And dreadful Billows shake their threatening Heads ;

Tho'

Tho' Nature starts, and dreads to launch away,
 Fears the dark Prospect, and desires to stay,
 Spins out the Time, and holds a long Debate,
 Unwilling to engage in a new State:
 Yet rul'd by Reason, and ensur'd by Faith,
 The pious Soul resigns it self to Death,
 Welcomes the Hand that knocks its Fetters down,
 And on its Bless puts an eternal Crown.

Tho' Piety and Virtue cannot save,
 Yet they prepare us for the gloomy Grave,
 Protract our Views, and open to our Eyes
 Delightful Scenes beyond the *Azure* Skies.
 The Soul inspir'd by gazing at the Joy,
 The blest Reward, its vigour does employ,
 Breaks thro' the Prison of disorder'd Clay,
 And soars on Eagles Wings to everlasting Day.

Thus after a short Struggle did my Friend
 Resign his Breath, and to his Bless ascend.
 A while in Pity to the World he stood
 Upon the Borders of the fatal Flood:

Think

Thinking on us, his high-born, generous Mind,
 Stopt short, and seem'd as half to Life inclin'd.
 But still in spite of all perplexing Thoughts,
 Of dear Compassion, and religious Doubts,
 His Soul, quite weary of our wretched Earth,
 Resolv'd to seek the Heav'n from whence it had a Birth.

So when a Trav'ler in a foreign Clime,
 Meets with some Strangers wondrous kind to him,
 And could with Pleasure in the Country dwell,
 Altho' resolv'd to bid at length farewell,
 'Twixt Joy and Grief distracted he appears,
 Tho' fond of his return, he bids Adieu with Tears.

What charm'd of late is now a Nothing made,
 Poor, useless Dust in silent ruin laid.
 The Nerves just knoted into Strength are broke :
 The blooming Graces vanished, like Smoke.
 As on the Meads the Lillies soon decay,
 Or whiter Snow in Minutes melts away.
 His Soul, got free from all tormenting Pains,
 Exults at large, and never more complains
 He glories while we grieve, and by our suff'ring gains.

Alas! in vain we hop'd he wou'd arrive
 To hoary Years, who made such haste to live.

The Time that others only seem to Breathe,
 In which their Lives are little more than Death,
 He made his own, and, by true Virtue mov'd,
 For publick Use his fleeting Days improv'd.
 Heav'n lent us all that Mortals could desire,
 But soon did back the Principal require.
 The Hand that seem'd to lavish out our Joy,
 To make us smart, did also soon Destroy.
 Just so the Skies appear serenely bright,
 And gild that Oak, with more than common Light,
 Which they intend, by vengeful Storms, to blast,
 And make a *Victim* to their Flame at last.

Yet tho', blest Saint, we hail thy Happiness,
 Pardon our grateful Sorrow and Distress.
 How can we think of thine untimely Urn,
 How dear you was, and not thine Absence mourn?
 Permit that we condole our heavy Fate,
 To lose so soon what Heav'n bestow'd so late.

Ye Sons of *Levi*, Ministers of Grace,
 Lament your Loss, and own your mournful Case.
 Deep be your Sorrows, as your Hopes were high;
 At least show Pity to his Memory.

Ye Candidates for holy Orders, Mourn
 Your Brother laid in an untimely Urn.
 With me lament the Youngster's early Fate,
 And, mourning, envy not, but emulate.
 Wou'd ye deserve the Character ye aim,
 Learn from my Verse, to Copy from my Theme.

Poor, Widow'd-flock, that throng'd his House of Pray'r,
 Fond of his Preaching, Happy to be there,
 Your former Love, by Gratitude, express,
 Convert your Joy's to Mourning and Distress.
 Small is your Pain, compar'd with that we feel;
 Ye suffer much, but more who knew him well.

How shall his Country-men their Grief express?
 Great is their Loss, and great is their Distress.
 Chiefly the generous Youth's, who felt the Blow,
 To whom our Town and College so much owe,
 Who kind to FORD on all Occasions prov'd,
 And were by him, as ye deserve, lov'd,
 Learn by his Death, and at his Virtues aim,
 Preserve his Image, and defend his Fame.

While Life and Thought remain within my Breast,
 His Image still, in spite of me, will rest.

O may his Death my Life spiritual raise !

O may I imitate the Virtues that I praise !

But thou, unhappy Partner of his Bed,
 Can't know no Comfort since thy Husband's dead.
 Alas ! How soon is all the Treasure lost,
 Which you, the Envy of your Sex, cou'd boast ?
 Loanly and sad you spend your hated Days,
 And Mourn the more you think how good he was.
 In Thee he hop'd, nor did he miss to find
 That Help which Nature meant in Womankind.
 Oft have I heard him own that gracious Heav'n,
 In Thee had more than prosperous Fortune giv'n.
 Now, happier far than in thy sweet Embrace,
 He's rais'd, and bids you moderate Distress.
 Your better Part is only gone before,
 Till you arrive the heav'nly Realm t' explore.
 Pursue his Flight, the Gospel is a Chain,
 Which, if you hold it fast, will entertain,
 And be your Guide unerring to the Skies,
 Where he's dissolv'd in endless Extasies.
 Bear up young Widow, and dispel your Care,
 Nor what shall be your future Fortune fear.
 The Providence that cloaths the senseless Earth,
 Gives Flow'rs and Fruits, and all Things else a Birth,
 Whose

Whose bounteous Hand, the whole Creation feeds;
 Will, in his Way, supply your various Needs.
 Contentment is the most delightful Feast :
 And he deserves your Trust, who orders Events best.

Ere long the Clay we saw so Pale of late,
 Shall shine more bright in an eternal State :
 When the Arch-Angels Trumpet shakes the Ground,
 And to the Dead sends Spirit with the Sound :
 When conquer'd Death, his ancient Spoils shall yield,
 And all Mankind stand Pannels on the Field :
 Amidst the Crowd he shall distinguish'd rise,
 And aid the shining Glories of the Skies.
 Till that Day dawn, in silent Slumbers rest,
 Ye, sacred Ashes to the Worms a Feast.
 Remember, Grave, that Piece of precious Dust
 Is but a while committed to your Trust :
 To every Part, be sure thou faithful prove :
 They're all recorded in the Register above.



The Work is done — and now my faithful Muse,
 (Since for Thee henceforth I shall ne'er have Use)
 Farewell, and rest as silent as his Urn, [mourn:
 Whose Fate thou, like the Swan, before thine own did'st

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